

## WITH THE BETTER HALF.

## THROATS AND CHINS.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer on Guarding of the Rounded Lines of Youth.

At about forty, flabby throats may be looked for in plump or stout women, and generally found. The muscles that support the flesh lose their firmness usually from lack of exercise, for the woman of forty, though she is frequently unconscious of the fact, has grown a little too self-indulgent; does not bother herself as she did ten years before, sleeps more, eats more and increasing in flesh, is surprised to see that the once solid structure of her throat has apparently lost its underbracing.

It really is only a question of exercise, care, patience and diet to get back again the old firmness, provided, of course, one has not ill-health to contend with.

When an athlete lets up on his exercise he gets "soft," but he knows that a fortnight's training will put him to rights again and make him as fit as ever.

When I tell you that exercise with a pair of light dumb-bells will harden your throat and make your double chin fade unregretted into memories (with, of course, proper diet) I fancy you smile, but it is really so. Practice before a looking glass for fifteen minutes a day—three sessions of five minutes each—the first four dumb-bell exercises. Watch the muscles of your throat as you do so. You have not exercised these muscles in this way for years, I am sure, and can be sure you have been adding weight upon weight of flesh until they have sunk down limp and soft. They will respond and harden just as the muscles of an athlete's legs and arms will.

Ten years ago you used your head and throat so much, and with such quick motions that you got this exercise without the aid of gymnastics.

As a proof of this statement have you never noticed that the most famous prima donne maintain their firm, beautiful throats twenty years longer than a society woman? The reason is the simple one of exercise.

Hold your chin up and throw them forward; learn deep breathing—breathing from the diaphragm, as it is called. Put yourself on the diet I recommended for obesity.

In addition, massage of the throat is also often very beneficial. It takes time to accomplish this transformation, but it has been done and can be done again. You should also be careful not to overdo the massage, and do not let the operator grow heroic.

Mme. Patti declares that her vocal chords were nearly paralyzed by too much massage. You can give yourself this treatment, which is really a gentle pinching and kneading of the parts, and can suit your touch to your sensibilities—often with better results than one obtains through a massage. Indian clubs also are excellent for exercising the upper part of the body, but I have found the dumb-bells better for restoring muscular firmness to the throat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
Mrs. J. L.—The brush is called a camel-hair face scrubbing brush. It is about six inches long and four wide; curved back. I think it is to be found at any shop dealing in toilet articles. Price about \$1.25.  
Gladys A.—The proper weight of a man 5 feet 5 inches tall is 142 pounds. Bicycling is the best exercise for reducing the hips. You will have to diet also, or it will fail.  
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Round me the close, dark city hums and toils,  
With clash and clang, with rush and beat,  
And snake-like holds me in its coils—  
Hark to the hurrying feet!  
Far off the purple moorlands brood below  
The clear sun and the stainless sky;  
The pine woods whisper and the waters flow,  
And the breeze goes laughing by.

This is a land of equality. Not long ago Mr. Chris Ross, of Canton, O., sued his wife for alimony and gained his suit. Still later, last month, in fact, Miss Emily Hayes, of Saratoga, availed herself of her leap year privilege and proposed to Mr. Frank Walcott. He accepted, but Miss Hayes now refusing to fulfill her contract, he has sued her for breach of promise. Her plea that she was "merely practising" is regarded as frivolous by the court.

A Sincere Confession of Ignorance is one of the surest testimonies of judgment.  
Fine sense is not half so useful as common sense.

To treat a Friend in Want with a Bottle of Burgundy is like giving a pair of laced Busses to a Man without a Shirt to his Back.

The Envious Man keeps his Knife in his Hand and swallows his Meat whole; for the worst of Misfortunes is a Medicine for the worst of Misfortunes. Ingratitude dries up the Fountains of Goodness.

Arguments are like Bones with Dogs. They set Men together by the Ears.

A Covetous Heli Man may be said to freeze before the fire.

Pursue not a Coward too far.

## A Boucicault Singer:

A niece of Boucicault, and of the same name, is to appear in opera under Sir Augustus Harris's management at Covent Garden in June. She is a pupil of Marchesi. Her voice has a wide range, and she is said to possess dramatic talent of a high order.

## Just Smiles:

There are women who cannot find deep enough expressions of grief. Such was a pretty blond woman who had lost her husband, and having decked herself in the trappings of woe looked in the mirror and exclaimed, "Oh, that my hair would turn black, so that I might properly mourn for poor Percy!"

## Masked Chops.

To completely disguise the foundation or main element of a dish may not always be the most desirable object to attain. However, masked chops are the delicacy of the season abroad, and good Americans can be trusted to read the recipe with care. Select good French chops and broil them carefully. Then baste with melted butter, and dust with salt and pepper.

Put one cup of bread crumbs and half a cup of milk in a saucepan and let them boil together. Add half a can of mushrooms chopped fine, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. On one side of each chop sprinkle finely with chopped almonds, then mask each with the bread mixture. When cool dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry. Serve with sauce Bordelaise.

Brown one tablespoonful of butter, add two of flour and brown again. Put into the mixture one slice of onion, a bit of parsley, one bay leaf, one tablespoonful of chopped ham and one pint of stock. Cook slowly for one hour. Stand back for fifteen minutes. Strain and add one-quarter of a pound of fresh mushrooms peeled, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of sherry. Pour round the chops and garnish with fresh green parsley.

## FASHIONABLE DOGS.

A few days ago a man walking in one of the most fashionable streets of Paris came across a lost dog. It was a small toy terrier, and was clad in an elaborate coat trimmed with costly furs. In this coat was a tiny pocket containing a handkerchief bordered with exquisite lace, a worked monogram, and a coronet. Round the dog's neck was a gold and jeweled hangle, and his coat was fastened by a brooch blazing with rubies and diamonds. It is quite the fashion among the pretty and smart women of Paris to get up their pet dogs in expensive and elaborate costumes, to cover them with jewels, to engrave cards with their names, and to drench their trembling little bodies with the newest and most pungent perfumes.

The dogs in this country are scarcely so pampered. Yet there is an Italian greyhound in town which looks like a piece of Dresden china, and wears a fawn-colored coat, tailor-made, trimmed with fur and buttoned down the back with brass buttons. Sappho, as she is poetically named, wears Dresden and Watteau ribbons in delicate hues. Such, in brief, is her moment that when she goes to take the air she is the envy of all the little dogs in her part of the town.

## THE LADY POVERTY.

The Lady Poverty was fair,

But she has lost her looks of late,

With change of times and change of air,

Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,

Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state,

As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—

She scolds in parlors, dusts and trims,

Watches and counts. Oh, is this she

Whom Francis met, whose step was free,

Who with Obedience carolled hymns,

In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,

Not among modern kinds of men;

But in the stony fields, where clear

Through the thin trees the skies appear,

In delicate spare soil and fen,

And slender landscape and austere.

## A NEW FASHION IN MANNERS.

Amiability as a new fashion in manners recalls the advice Louis XIV. imposed on his grandsons. They were to show themselves affable to all, no matter how humble. No one was to leave their presence feeling snubbed or looked down upon. To persons distinguished for merit they were to be attentive; the high born and fortunate they were to consider only less highly. All others were to be treated with genial affability, but without familiarity.

## THE RISE OF THE CAMP CHAIR.

The progress of the camp chair in society is worth remarking. The camp chair got its start at funerals. Its home still is at the undertaker's. There are people who say they can never sit in a camp chair without whispering, owing to these early associations. Those who talk glibly in camp chairs seem to lack feeling. From funerals camp chairs were introduced into private Bible readings. From thence they got into club life. The Causeries de Lundi and the Wednesday Afternoon Club were first to

Guy d'Hardelot, the friend and companion of Calver; while that spirited lyric, "How Salvator Won," will go down the ages with "How Horatio Kept the Bridge" and "Curfew Will Not Ring To-night" in all future schools of eloquence.

"My first success?" Mrs. Ella Wheeler

Wilcox leaned back in her big chair and

drew tighter a silken scarf of a pale rose

color which she wore about her throat.

Her face assumed a thoughtful expression.

"I can't say I ever had a first success. I

can't remember when I didn't write. There

achieve?"

"First they must be sure of talent. Then

work like a day laborer, with an opti-

mistic spirit. Self-consciousness wrecks

more successes than anything else. It is

the great big 'me' that stands in the way

of many a successful profession. It isn't

what the public is going to say to me, but

of my work. The girls who feel things

which they are bound to express, though

they remove heaven and earth, will achieve

success."

## WOMEN IN OFFICE.

Miss Stella Strait is Register of Deeds in Bourbon County, Kansas. She is twenty-six years old and for eight years has been Deputy Register. Her salary is \$2,000 per year, and on it she supports her mother and sisters.

Miss Emma Little is Register of Deeds in Wabasha County, Kansas. She is twenty-six years old. Her salary is \$3,000 in fees. Register Little is out for McKinley for President.

Mayor Lyman, of Waltham, Mass., has named Miss Ann D. Adams as Trustee of the Leonard Fund, Mrs. John L. Harvey as Director of the Public Library, and Mrs. C. H. Daniels as Overseer of the Poor.

Miss Florence King, of Edison Park, a Chicago suburb, is running for Justice of the Peace against the ex-Postmaster, Charles Weldon. Miss King is twenty-five years old, slight of physique, and in her brief legal career has won several criminal cases before the Chicago police courts.

Miss Emma Guy has been elected State Librarian of Kentucky. Her election was one of the sensational tests of the political fight in the joint session of the Kentucky Legislature, and showed the Republican strength.

## MISS REHAN'S GOWN:

Miss Rehan's genius for costume is finely shown in the third act of "Countess Gucl." She wears a white satin Empire gown be-spinkled with blue embroidered flowers, which at the hem becomes an embroidered garland lightly tracing, for a short distance, the seams. The distinction, however, of this costume is its touches of black. Three tiny black ostrich feathers are pinned just below her bosom on the side, and on the white tulle bandeau that confines her blond hair stands upright a bunch of little black ostrich tips.

A YOUNG HEIRESS OF THIS CITY, when she was hardly more than a baby, received contributions to a pearl necklace. On each birthday her parents presented two pearls of exquisite form and color. Her appreciation of this gift has grown with time. Next season the string will be complete, and she will make her bow to society.



Stockings have lately changed their creed. Not so very long ago, according to the ethics of fashion, correct hose taught only modesty, simplicity and moderate economy. Now gorgeousness, eccentricity and extravagance are the songs they sing.

Naughty, naughty, too, must have been the sources from which some of the new hose offered for house use took their inspiration. The French novelty stockings suggest the Amazon march and the Parisian dance halls.

In both silk and hosiery there are sharp contrasts in color and bizarre designs. There are light pleated spots on dark grounds—stars, moons and jagged lightning streaks—or a naughty pair may have a black sock portion to keep the ankle small, and a pale pink upper part that imitates no stocking at all. Alas! Times have indeed changed in the stocking world. Notwithstanding their faults, however, some of the new stockings are wonderfully beautiful.

Plain silk hose in black, white and pale tints will still be worn by those who prefer them, but the new ones offered for evening use run to an elaborateness that seems to the merely objective observer an appalling waste of beauty.

Over the instep of many of the evening stockings are often insertions of real lace that add enormously to the cost. Sometimes the insertions will go half way up

the leg, ending, perhaps, in front with a pointed boot-top effect. Then there are silk stockings with narrow longitudinal stripes of the finest lace, set in all over, or there may be love knots, fleurs de lis, or delicate medallions to imitate miniature frames.

Lisle stockings for dressy house wear are in elaborate open work weaves, combining touches of yellow lace and tiny dots of silk embroidery. A white pair, recently seen, had a rim of tiny seed pearls around each lace medallion over the instep. Many of the cashmere stockings in both black and color are woven as fine as lace, and are embroidered elegantly over the instep with colored silk.

More expensive novelties in the cashmere show the popular lace insertions. A dark red pair pictured have the yellow lace set in, in palm leaf designs, and others even more effective run to highly ornamental lace clocks at the sides.

For ordinary use there are the same stylish cotton and cashmere stockings dotted all over with tiny white spots. These are in black and colors, and after the long stage of plain black hose the simple design is an agreeable variety.

In all black there are transparency effects in gauze-lisse that are considered very becoming to slender extremities.

## TROUBLE FOR THE LITTLE CLEVELANDS.

Miss Frieda Bethman, the New Teacher of the Little Ones at the White House, Tells of Her Methods.

Washington, Feb. 9.—There is a new teacher at the White House. Not a resident governess, but a special kindergarten, who has come on to give the little Cleveland instruction in the art of Froebel, but who resides outside the White House reservation.

She was born and reared in Boston, so you may know that she is perfectly proper as to pronunciation; but she is of German parentage, and has just the tiny turn to her words that would tell it even if you never heard that her name is Frieda Bethman. Miss Bethman is a personable young lady of about twenty-eight summers, perhaps, just the ordinary height—five feet or under—and has a clear, dark complexion and brown hair. She is rather pretty, and is most pleasing in manner and speech.

that is not the right term, either, because she is only the kindergarten teacher, going to the White House at 12 noon, and staying just three hours, by the tiny clock in Ruth's room; so she is really "special instructor" of the children of His Excellency." That is the way she would set forth her vocation if she were teaching small kings and queens, but being only the children of a plain American, called to preside for a time over the destinies of the nation, Miss Bethman very modestly calls herself "kindergarten teacher of the President's children." But, as I started to say, Miss Bethman is a very bright, up-to-date young person, ardently interested in her work. It was born in her, probably, to like it, because her mother, Mrs. Emily Bethman, has been a teacher in the Bos-

Then there is a song that begins:

Little birds in a tree,

Sing to me, sing to me,

and they all get ready to fly right up in

the air, where their small, fat arms are

reaching, but they don't fly; on the con-

trary, they more often take a tumble, and

sometimes that makes them cry, but she

soothes and kisses them into good humor

again, and so the instruction goes on.

Miss Bethman believes that one may grow,

no matter what the art that one works at,

but in the main Froebel is her guide. She

says that she uses the gift lessons, occu-

pations, movement plays, games and talks

with children just as the mood seems to

be upon them to do certain things. If

their fat legs get tired and want to be

twisting she sets them dancing in some

motion song in which feet play the most

important part. If their small hands want

to be clutching at something she sets their

fingers to work. If they want to talk, she

says to them "tell me a story. Tell me

what you saw when you went riding to-

day." And then they concoct the most

wonderful tales, in the most babyish lan-

guage, which she is careful not to prune

down too quickly, only guiding their

tongues over hard words, and supplying

one now and then when they seem at a

loss for it. When each has told a story

she sometimes tells a very little one her-

self in short words and shorter sentences

and has one of them repeat it and the

others listen to see what the repeater

leaves out. That trains their respective

faculties and their memories. If the laugh

and tendency to shout becomes irrepress-

ible, she sets their voices to melody and

lets them shout it out in song.

"We must not work too fast," she says "for

that would tax the expanding intellect and

do an injury that would be time lost. Many

children are stunted in intellect and taught

bad habits by not giving them employment.

Child life, like mature manhood, must needs

be employed, unless you would have it

getting into mischief. Men who must

work, women who have not time to gossip

or talk scandals are the men and women

who make the world better. Children are

only fainter types with much more energy

and if they are properly employed and their

expanding minds directed as you train a

tender vine to grow upon a trellis instead

of groveling upon the ground you make

useful citizens of them, just as you im-

prove upon the lowly habits of a vine

whose loveliness must be lost if you neglect

it even for a few weeks."

"After the gifts come the occupations.

When you have shown them how to con-

struct out of solid materials of set forms,

all manner of things into which wood may

enter as a building material, then you turn

to sewing, weaving, braiding and such

occupations. The child must be taught these

most conscientiously, and never permitted

to slight his work in any way however

small. Teach it to be accurate and pains-

taking. If it learn nothing else, it has con-

quered a great deal when it has learned

that perseverance and accuracy will accom-

plish almost any hard task. Then there is

lace modelling. That is delightful work

for children, it is like making mud pies,

you know. You can teach little children

many good lessons when they begin with

clay. You can say to them that the mind

is like wet clay, easily written upon, easy

to erase bad impressions from, but when

the mind gets older and tougher like dried

clay; but thoughts and ugly temperance

stick there and make people disagreeable

and unkind and untruthful. When the child

is careless, you can show him that his

apple or rose jar is not pretty because he

did not take pains with it, and it is just so

with his mind and his body. If he does

not care for either, he is going to be rough

and untruthful.

ISABEL WORRELL BALL.



## THE GOVERNESS OF ESTHER AND RUTH.

Mrs. P. Field, who is chairman of the Sub-Committee on Kindergartens of the Boston School Board, and is one of the most efficient and best known kindergartners in the State, says:

"It is a great honor for Miss Bethman to have been chosen to fill her present capacity," she continued. "She is one of our best kindergartners, and is admirably qualified for the position. Mrs. Cleveland was always anxious for her little daughters to attend a kindergarten. Therefore, when she met Miss Bethman at Marion last summer and became acquainted with her ability, Mrs. Cleveland realized immediately that she was just the woman to teach her children. We are all very anxious for Miss Bethman's return. It is against the rules to allow a teacher to go so great a distance, but under the present circumstances this restriction was revoked. She will probably come back early in the Spring.

This new White House governess—no,

ton kindergartners ever since they were first established. Miss Bethman got her first beginnings of an education in a kindergarten, and finished off in the Boston High School, from whence she went into the kindergarten training school, and has been for many years employed in the Boston schools as a special instructor and trainer.

The first instruction is only play, apparently. She teaches the little ones to sing motion songs, sitting on a low chair which forms part of the ring of chairs about her, so that all can see her, and so bright and animated does she become that the veriest dullard would get inspiration from her. She sings very sweetly, and exemplifies sowing wheat by an outward motion of the hands and a graceful swaying of the body, and immediately each little kiddie goes to wiggle fingers and feet, and swaying till two or three drop off their chairs, then they all laugh and begin over again.